

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 16

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 5

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Twilight

Rose Inez Moose, Cornelian

The evening sun is sinking low,
The western sky is all aglow ;
The birds chirp soft and sleepily ;
The stealthy shadows deeper grow ;
From out the blue the stars appear ;
The fireflies gleam around me near ;
Soft breezes whisper tenderly ;
And twilight gray comes stealing here.



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XVI

GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1912

NO. 5

A Different Point of View

Margaret K. Berry, '12, Adelphian

It had been snowing all day and the snow covered the ground completely and lay in deep drifts on the leeward side of the college buildings. The high drifts glistened and sparkled in the last rays of the setting sun. The deep booming tones of the college bell had just died away, announcing the supper hour, and the campus was deserted except for a few timorous freshmen, who, afraid to go to supper, thought they would take advantage of the absence of their natural foes, the sophomores, to get their midday mail. At this time two figures, dark against the all pervading whiteness, climbed the long hill leading from the campus to their boarding house. The smaller of the two was foreign looking and of slender physique. His dark aristocratic features were finely chiseled, and his almond-shaped eyes indicated that he was from the land of the rising sun. He and his companion were in marked contrast, for the tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired boy was a splendid specimen of our western civilization.

They hurried along in silence until they reached the middle of the street which they had to cross to reach their destination. Here the smaller of the two paused with an exclamation of awe and pointed toward the west. At the end of the long straight street rose a mountain of perfect symmetry. Its dazzling whiteness was crowned with gold, gradually deepening into orange. A look of intense longing flashed over the face of the Japanese and his dark eyes glowed with repressed feeling.

"Just so, the Sacred Mountain, our Fujiyama, appears!" he exclaimed. "That is what my honorable lady mother is seeing tonight."

"Yes, Keiki, your mother, the Lady Morning Glory, how is she?"

"I only wish I knew, but it takes so long to hear—and she was not so well the last time I heard."

When they reached the porch, they hung up their coats and hats and walked into the dining room under a perfect fusillade of remarks at their expense.

"What you all been doing—star gazing?"

"I hope you don't expect anything to eat!"

"When your uncle was a small boy, he didn't get any supper if he was late, but his ma spanked him and sent him to bed!"

"When Gabriel blows his horn you'll be so late that the golden gates will close long before you tread the milky way."

To all of which trite remarks George Martin laughed goodnaturedly and said:

"Aw, cut it out, you fellows. Can't you let a man eat when he's hungry?"

Keiki Moro, on the other hand, though he did not appear to notice the chaffing in the least, was wondering for the hundredth time how these Americans could joke about things that were sacred to him. To make a jest of the serious things in life—religion, parents, and country—was inconceivable to him. For seven months Keiki had been a student of the State University. He had been induced to come to America by George Martin, the son of a missionary in Japan. He had entered the junior class with ease—thanks to the English training he had had from George's father—and had made a scholastic record in his half year's work which had never been equalled. His fellow students could not understand why this "Jap" could so easily outstrip them in their studies. Had they known of his predecessors, they would not have wondered. His ancestors had been for hundreds of years Samuarai of Japan—people that had practiced self-denial and concentration, and hence had the power of application developed to

such a point that Americans and people of other countries marvel when they hear of some feat that this race has accomplished.

The American ate heartily and drank cup after cup of coffee until his landlady created a hearty laugh by saying:

"Mr. Martin, I absolutely refuse to say politely, 'Have a cup of coffee?' but will say, 'Have another cup,' with all emphasis on the 'another'."

The Japanese, however, ate with his accustomed frugality. When they had finished their supper they went for their mail.

In their postoffice box lay a letter directed to Keiki Moro in the painfully exact chirography of a Japanese attempting to write English. With a grimace of disappointment Martin turned away grumbling that "nobody loved him and he was going out and eat worms".

"Say, Keiki, are you coming to Edith's party tonight in honor of St. Valentine? You promised, you know, and you mustn't disappoint my little cousin."

"I'll be there."

"Well, so long, I have got to go help her to prepare the festal board," and the tall, broad-shouldered boy went whistling down the street.

The Japanese turned toward the campus. He waited until he reached his room before opening the letter, and as he did so some faded pink cherry leaves fluttered to the floor. A wave of intense homesickness swept over him. He pictured to himself his home garden with its flushed pink cherry trees, the low camelia hedge, with its deep crimson blossoms, surrounding it, and in the center of the garden the little lake at whose edge grew pale water hyacinths and whose surface was spotted with green lotus leaves with here and there a pink half-opened bud; in the distance rose the snow clad cone of Fujiyama. What would he not give for a glimpse of the violet sky, the blue peaks, and the intense lilac sea! Then he read the letter.

The thought of this letter, undignified by the Japanese stilted phraseology, was that his mother was now getting old and feeble, and felt that she needed a young person to assist

her and to aid her in keeping up the honored customs of their ancestors. Therefore she had selected a maiden whom she considered worthy in every respect, and she wished him to return and marry her. It would not interrupt his studies long, and she hoped her most honorable son would deign to grant her humble request.

Hot rebellion surged in the heart of this descendant of the Samurai. He had naturally imbibed certain views in this land of freedom, and one of these was following his own inclination in choosing his wife. This feeling he suddenly realized was intensified by thoughts of a blue eyed, fair haired girl—and with his intense patriotism and pride in his country with its traditions he now felt that he could have overcome any obstacles that might have confronted him. But now, should he set at defiance all the traditions of his most honorable ancestors and disobey his parent's request? Could he? Yes, he would write immediately, and he started for paper and ink. As he did so his eye fell on the alarm clock ticking insistently away. It was already past time for the party. He would write on his return.

When he arrived, the rooms, gayly decorated with hearts great and small, were already filled with guests. Everyone was trying to outtalk and outlaugh everyone else. It was leap year and the boys were teasing the girls unmercifully. They said that the girls must uphold the traditional custom and make a proposal to some boy that night. The girls retorted that they did not intend to do so, as they were all "suffragettes" and were going to have a "career", and not settle down to a humdrum married existence. At this the boys groaned and a hot discussion began about "votes for women". The Japanese did not partake in the discussion, and his palely olive face did not give any sign of his thoughts. His chief attention was paid to the dainty hostess, dressed as the Queen of Hearts. She was the center of the gay group and was expounding her views with the quiet assurance of conviction:

"I believe a woman should go along side by side with the man. She should share his interests, and by her high ideals,

not only lift up her own home, but also the outside world. She would be no less the woman because she had widened her sphere of influence—" then she broke off with a laugh, "The idea of turning a valentine party into a 'Woman's Rights Meeting'! Come, let's go to the dancing hall," and with delightful courtesy she refused her own countrymen and gave the first dance to the foreigner. As Keiki did not dance, they returned to the reception room and sat down before the great open fireplace, in which were piled great logs, which the leaping tongues of flame were licking up slowly.

As they talked, the conversation swung back to the theme that the girl had been discussing during the evening and as she sat leaning forward in her chair her blue eyes shining with animation as she again warmed to her subject, the man was struck with the difference in their fundamental ideas.

When the music stopped George Martin came in and laughed teasingly at his cousin's eloquence. He was soon followed by a crowd of the dancers. They were talking about their valentines, and asked the hostess what kind she had received.

She laughed and replied, "Oh, I'm slightly sore on that subject. Almost all I received were comic valentines; pictures of threatening suffragettes; attempts at rhymes in which

"Hubby is learning to cook and sew
Since wifey knows the home no more.
She is a great stump speaker they say,
And will run for President some day."

She laughed merrily. "Doesn't it sound ridiculous? The idea of me ever appearing before the public!"

"As ridiculous as the idea of a violet turning into a tiger lily," growled her cousin.

"But I do not understand!" broke in the foreigner. "I thought a valentine was a message of love. Can it be that you Americans can make a jest of, and thus belittle every real thing in life? Is there nothing that you consider too sacred to make a jest of? You make a joke of the head of your government,—in Japan the thing that would make a Japanese most

happy would be to be killed for his emperor! Here you talk lightly of your parents and ancestors,—in Japan a man would be ostracized from society if he did such a thing. There a woman is a pure white lily,—here she would be a flaunting rose. You make a jest of love. In my country love is considered so sacred that we do not speak even of our love for our father and mother.”

A silence had fallen on the effervescent group of college boys and flippant girls. The crackling of the fire was the only thing that relieved the intense hush. Each one felt the justice of the foreigner’s rebuke, and knowing that they were guilty, they had not a word to say. In a moment, however, the Japanese’s face was covered with the racial mask that habitually glosses the surface of oriental feeling, and turning to the hostess he murmured, “Queen of Hearts—Sayonara.”

The silence was complete as he left the gayly decked room and passed out into the night. The girl had intuitively caught the meaning that the Japanese give the word—final separation and renunciation.

The snow was falling again as Keiki Moro went silently down the street. At the entrance of the campus he almost collided with a man coming out, and he recognized the plaintive whine of the college driver as he said:

“‘Scuse me, bossman.”

The boy laughed bitterly. “Dave, you had the pleasure of ushering me into this paradoxical American world, which calls Japanese barbarians. You can bring your hack around tomorrow and carry me out of it.”

“Yassir, boss, I’ll be right dar!” and the old negro scraped and bowed, and as he looked at the shining piece of silver in his clawlike hand, he shambled off, murmuring:

“These furriners, atter all, ain’t nigh as barbious as folks lets on dey is.”

The Old English Pageant

Mary Katherine Hoskins, '15, Cornelian

To the people of today the word pageant means a great and imposing show which lasts for hours and which requires months and even years to properly produce. To the Englishman of the twelfth or thirteenth century, however, this word brought a very different idea. He thought of an awkward and unwieldy platform, or "pagent," as it was called, and the simple scenes which were enacted upon this primitive stage. Before the modern man can understand this early meaning of the word, he must go back to the time when English drama was just beginning and find out something about its origin and early development.

The first attempt at acting in England was made by the priests, who, upon such holidays as Christmas and Easter, endeavored to explain the Scriptures to the ignorant populace by crude representations of Bible stories and legends about the saints. The people became so interested in these representations that they began to have plays of their own. At that time the members of each trade were organized into guilds, very much like the modern trade union. These guilds, which were a very important part of town life, became much interested in the plays and did a great deal toward making them an established form of amusement. At first they gave only representations of Bible stories, or miracle plays, but later they began to represent short stories and attach some moral to the tale. These soon came to be called morality plays. There were usually several scenes to a play, each guild of the city performing a single scene, or "pagent", as it came to be called.

The selection of a pageant and performers to represent a guild was a weighty matter in those times, for it was chiefly by its pageants that a guild showed its ability and worth to the city. Each guild, as soon as it was able to bear the expenses of a pageant, had a scene selected which it could produce at the next play. Sometimes two or even more guilds would combine and produce a single splendid scene. After

the scene was selected, if it were an old one, it would have to be revised and the various parts written out for the players. If it were a new pageant, some learned man, usually a monk, must be secured to write it. After the pageant was written, a regular actor must be hired to select the players, who must be "sufficiente in persone and cunninge to the honour of the towne and the crafts."

Since all these things could not be done without a great deal of expense, a regular tax, called pageant money, was paid by each guild for the purpose of supporting its pageant. Part of this money was used to pay the players for the five or six rehearsals which they thought necessary, and for the final performance. Besides this, the meals of the performers during rehearsals were provided by the guild. By far the greater part of the expenses, however, were caused by the building of the pageant and the repairs which were often necessary for it. On account of the size and clumsiness of the pageants, it was often very hard to move them over the ill-paved streets, and we find many accounts of money "payd for sope and gresse to ease ye wheles of ye pagent." Then too, the scenery, hangings, and the costumes of the performers cost a large sum of money. There are several quaint old lists of expenses for pageants which have been preserved. One of these, which gives us a very clear idea of what is used in producing a pageant, reads thus:

Item—to a peyntour for peynting the Farrehon and Herod's face,—V d.

Item—payd to the players for rehearsals—to Gode,—III d.; to Pilate his wife,—II s.; to the devil and Judas,—VI d.

Item—payd for the baryll for the yerthequake,—III d.

Item—for halfe a yarde of rede sea,—V d.

Item—payd to one Fawston for hanging Judas,—IV d.; for cock crowing,—VI d.; and for settinge the world on fyre,—IV d.

One of the most interesting accounts of the pageant is that given by Archdeacon Rogers in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Although the pageant described is of a little later date than those discussed here, it gives a very good picture of both the stage and the manner of performance. He says:

“The pagiantes weare a high scaffold with two rouses, a higher and a lower, on wheeles. In the lower the players appavelled themselves, and in the higher rouse they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders might heare and see them. The place where they playd was in every street.

* * All the streetes had their pagiantes afore them at one time playinge together; to see wich plays there was great resorte, and also scaffoldes and stages weare made in the streetes where they played their pagiantes.”

The scenery usually consisted of painted cloths which were hung around the sides of the pageant. These cloths might be painted to represent anything from the creation of the world to the palace of Herod. We will remember there was an account of the money “payd to founnish halfe a yarde of rede sea for the pagent.” The triumph of mediæval stage art, however, was in the hell-mouth. This was a small, box-like tower placed at the back of the stage, the entrance to which was through a monstrous dragon’s head. It is described as

“An hideous thing, all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, overwhelmed with jagged stone,
With ougle mouth, and griesly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.”

Sometimes the jaws were opened and fire and smoke, produced by braziers and bellows hidden inside, poured out through the nose and mouth. The devil and his imps then crawled through the opening, seized the wicked characters and dragged them down into the lower regions.

The properties of the mediæval stage were quite as crude as the scenery. Thunder, lightning, and rain were raised by beating pans, burning clothes, and rattling pebbles on a sheet of tin. Earthquakes were caused by rolling a barrel of stones over the floor of the lower room. Globes of combustible material representing the earth were set on fire and consumed on the Day of Judgment.

The costumes of the players were often queer and very costly. The saints always had gilded wigs and beards and carried gilded staves. The Christ often had his whole face

gilded as well. The demons had uncouth masks, and wore horns and tails. They carried black cloaks dotted and slashed with crimson and yellow to represent flames. Herod always appeared as a fierce-looking Saracen, who wore an enormous turban. He generally carried a tremendous wooden sword with which he beat the heads of his attendants when he grew angry. The archbishops and other church dignitaries wore valuable robes and jewels which were borrowed from the town or some nearby monastery.

There are now only four specimens of the cycles of miracle plays, and some parts of these are lacking. Of the four, perhaps that from Yorke is the most perfect, both because its scenes are better arranged and because it is in a better state of preservation than the others. These plays have from twenty-four to forty-eight scenes and cover nearly all the important parts of both the Old and New Testaments. One of the best plays in any of the cycles, Noah's Flood, with its characteristically English conception of Noah and his wife, was presented by the Towneley Guild of Armourers in somewhat the following manner:

Noah and his sons come out on the stage and Noah prays that God will forgive the world of the sins that have been committed since the fall of Adam and Eve. God then descends from a tower at the back of the stage and tells Noah that he will send a flood that will last many days and nights, but that since Noah and his family have worshipped and obeyed Him, He will spare them. He then gives them directions to build the Ark and to provide food for the animals which they are to collect, two of each kind. While they are obeying these commands, Noah's wife appears and begins to complain of her hard life. She finally becomes so angry about it that she strikes Noah a resounding blow on the end of his nose.

After the ark is built, the old lady refuses to enter it until the water rises almost to her feet. She then clambers hastily on board, crying

“Yei, water nyghys so nere,
That I sit not dry;
Into ship with a byr,
Therefore will I hy.”

She cannot hold her tongue, however, and soon she so enrages Noah that he beats her with a stick, exclaiming as he does so:

“Yee men that has wives,
 Whyls they are yong,
 If ye luf youre lifes,
 Chastice thare tongs.”

After many days the waters begin to subside and the land comes into view. The dove which Noah sends out returns with an olive branch. The ark then soon comes to a resting place and the family returns once more to dry land, thanking God for their deliverance.

Many of the morality plays are much more interesting than the miracle plays and give a better insight into the character of the people. Most of them are of a little later date and more in the form of a modern play. The Pardoner and the Frere, Mankind, and The Castell of Perseverance are very good types of these plays. Perhaps the most interesting and best known of the morality plays is Everyman. In the prologue we are told that it is “by figure a moral play.” Like the Castell of Perseverance, it was written to persuade men to a life of good deeds, and to impress upon them the sacramental teachings of the Catholic Church. In this play God sends Death to summon to him Everyman. Everyman, surrounded by wealth, friends, and happiness, begs for delay, but finding this impossible, he seeks his companions in order that they may accompany him. He first goes to Friendship, who promises to do everything but die for him. He then goes to Love, Youth, Beauty, and Riches, but is deserted by all these. At last, almost in despair he turns to his Good Deeds, whom he finds beside him. Although he has neglected her so much in the past that she can hardly stand, he gains her forgiveness and hastens with her to the priest to confess his misdeeds. When he has received pardon for his sins, he turns to Death, and with Good Deeds at his right hand he goes forth to meet God.

It is hard for us to estimate what the pageant did for the English people. It helped them to exercise their imagination

and to make drama their popular amusement. Although it may not have directly influenced the great dramatists of the Elizabethan age and those who came after them, it certainly made their work possible. It fostered and promoted a national love for acting and helped the people to recognize and cherish the masterpieces of such men as Jonson and Shakespeare.



The Turning Point

Lucy Landon, '12, Adelpbian

The sturdy figure restlessly pacing the floor presented a strong contrast to the sleepy, lounging travelers in the waiting-room of the station at Ridgeville. Charles Erington was indeed wide awake, for the thoughts crowding his mind gave him no time to become drowsy. At intervals only did he cease his pacing, at which time he would drop carelessly into a nearby seat, only to rise again in a few minutes and retrace his former steps. Scarcely did he allow five minutes to elapse without glancing anxiously at the big clock fastened to the wall where it monotonously ticked out a warning to travelers.

Erington, aside from the fact that his restless attitude had attracted the attention of the travelers to him, was a person whom one would notice anywhere. He was tall, well built, good to look upon. About his every movement there was an air of fearlessness, even recklessness. There was defiance in the very erectness with which he held his head, and a look of determination about the tightly compressed lips. His face was youthful, and well featured; yet it had a look of dissipation. His general appearance was that of a man who had been well born.

Again Charles Erington glanced at the clock. It was midnight, and only a half hour before his train was due to leave. In a few minutes the porter appeared in the waiting-room and with a sonorous voice called out the train going west. There was a general stir among the passengers,—a gathering up of luggage and parcels. On Erington's face there was a look of relief as he, along with the others, passed out of the door on to the train they were to board. He was leaving for the West, resolved never again to return to the South and to his home.

Then it was that the youngest who bore the Erington name had left the old home where for over a century each succeeding generation of Eringtons had lived.

The old, colonial house, like the family who owned it, stood

aloof from its surroundings. It was in a large oak grove set back from the street, so that neither the neighbors nor the passerby often saw its occupants. Only those who belonged to the old, prominent families of the town seldom had the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of the Erington home. The days were past when the spacious, rambling old mansion could be filled with relatives of the immediate family and their friends.

Here in the home of his ancestors Charles Erington had been reared. The smoothly mowed lawn, shaded by the branches of the superb old oaks, had been the playground of his grandfather as well as his own. He and his older brother Lawrence were the only ones of the proud, distinguished old family to bring the name down through posterity. In them were centered the hopes of its living on and on; and upon them devolved the duty of keeping it free from taint. It was an oft repeated boast of the family that no Erington had by any deed ever brought reproach upon the family and disgrace upon the name. So a clear and honored name Charles and Lawrence Erington had inherited.

The early childhood of these youngest boys was spent in almost utter seclusion. Lawrence was ten years older than Charles; and at that age when the younger longed for a companion to join him in his play Lawrence was too old to enjoy the simple sports of childhood. He soon grew tired of the companionless life and would slip away from the strict authority of his parents to find in the ruffians of the street a companion for himself. He had early been trained that there were only certain homes he could visit, and unfortunately in these homes there were no children of his age. Then, at that tender period of youth his character was being moulded by these associates he had chosen, and his plastic mind was receiving indelible impressions.

On reaching boyhood he had acquired the habits of these street ruffians and became, like them, wild and dissipated. Instead of becoming sober as he grew older, he seemed to go to the other extreme. No influence brought to bear upon him checked his wild career. The family then grew alarmed, and

feared not so much the injury he might do his own soul, but feared lest he might bring disgrace upon the proud name. Whenever he would stay at home he was treated with cool indifference. He was taunted with the fact that he was a disgrace to the name of Erington, and by his deeds was bringing the ridicule of the town down upon his family. In the mornings after he had come in greatly intoxicated the night before, he felt no shame in facing the family at breakfast, for he knew the old remark, "Well, Charles, I didn't expect any better of you", was true. Since they expected no better of him, he would reason to himself, why should he do otherwise?

It was not long before the crisis came. One night he had gambled and lost heavily. He had no money with which to pay the debt. The family fortune had greatly decreased, and was very economically used by his father in order that there might at least be an amount sufficient to keep up the estate. If the debt was paid and the reputation of the family saved, Charles Erington's father would, however, have it to do. This was too much for them. Charles was ridiculed, sneered out, and taunted until he was almost desperate. He had always thought of his brother as a great man, and loved him in a half-idolatrous way, but even he had turned against him. This was bitter gall to Charles Erington's sensitive nature, and it had brought him to the point that he cared not what he did.

"If some one only had faith in me yet," he thought to himself, "I might have the courage and strength to do differently." And then a cynical smile passed over his face and he laughed nervously and said to himself, "What do I care if no one has faith in me?" But as he said this he felt keenly the loss of his brother's confidence. This was a thorn in his flesh and it pricked him each time he thought of it. There was no reason now why he should remain at home. He immediately resolved to leave, informing no one of his intention. So the youngest son of the Eringtons was gone they knew not where.

At first it was only thought that his leaving was another of his wild fancies, and he would return in the course of time. Little did his own people think that he left deter-

mined never to return; and least of all did they think that their own treatment of him had driven him, as it were, away from home. The time had once been when, perhaps, he might have been saved, if only there had been one to sympathize, to trust and believe in him. Now, there was no hope, for the opportunity had been allowed to pass.

Month after month passed by and still he did not return. After a year had elapsed the truth began slowly to dawn upon the Eringtons. He had run away from home and they refused to allow themselves to think about what might have become of him. But after all, they felt that it was sort of a relief not to have him near where the people who knew of their family pride would gossip about his every action.

Already the neighbors had begun to say, "Well, I reckon this will take some of the pride of the great Eringtons." And true enough was their remark. After all, it was not so much the fact that the son had erred that grieved them, but the fact that the son had brought reproach upon the family, and humiliated them in the eyes of those from whom they had stood aloof. They had ceased to even talk of him, for they felt the cut too deeply. The intimate friends of the family refrained from mentioning his name in their presence. He was indeed the lost son.

Lawrence Erington had inherited no small amount of the Erington pride. He was a man of fine intellect, of keen mind, and possessed a deep insight into human nature. All of these faculties he used with all his power that through him new glory might be added to the Erington name. There was another thing he also hoped to accomplish. The family fortune inherited from his grandfather was now too small to allow that elegance of living to which the family had always been accustomed. By his work he desired not only to secure fame, but also to replace the family fortune. What the name had suffered through his brother he hoped would be recompensed by his efforts.

He was rapidly winning fame as a remarkable detective. His was a decidedly psychological mind and he had amazed and astonished by his ability to trace out one's line of thought.

He had found a clue to a murder when others had failed to see the slightest evidence. He had brought to light a political fraud and been the means of sending a big political boss to a fourteen-year imprisonment. And yet when he read and heard the praises that men were bestowing upon him, his thoughts would invariably turn upon his brother. As he reflected what a man he too could have been, but instead was wild and reckless, his very soul loathed and despised him. He shrank from the thought that he was his brother.

When Charles Erington boarded the westbound train, he knew not where he was going. He only knew that he was going as far away from his home as he could. At some place in the west where he could live the wildest and roughest life, it was his intention to stop. No longer would he attempt to restrain his passions, but would become their slave and submit himself to their mastery. He would drink pleasure deeply in the hope of forgetting all that was connected with his home, and especially the brother who had lost faith in him. No one cared what he did and why should he? No one expected but the worse of him and why should he not live up to their expectation? He was determined upon his course.

Young Erington stopped at a small town in California, and after a few days' rest went to Yuma in Arizona. Before he decided upon his permanent abode he decided to see something of the country and the people around him. While in Yuma he heard very much about a ranch some distance from the town in an uninhabited part of the country. The wildness of the life pictured to him pleased him, so he went there to remain.

The men whom Erington found on the ranch were as wild as he could desire. They never came into contact with civilization except when on their wild raids through the country. They were the terror of the people who lived within even a radius of twenty miles. They hesitated to do nothing, for their seared consciences never rebuked them whatever they did. It seemed impossible that Erington, who had been so gently raised, would have been content to endure such hardships.

Even on the ranch in his wildest dissipation the Erington spirit was evident in him. Wherever he was, or whatever he did, he was the leader among them. There was never anything undertaken that he was not the principal man to carry it out. The days were spent, oftentimes, in gambling, and never any one risked more than he. If there was an act that required daring and recklessness, he was the first to attempt it. The more dangerous and daring the adventure, the keener was the enjoyment to him. He had at last reached that point where he valued not his life.

So Charles Erington, the descendant of an honored family, had gone as low as man can go. He had forgotten home, father, mother, and sister. But he had not forgotten his brother, because in his soul there was a burning desire for vengeance on account of the treatment received at his hands. The feeling of revenge so consumed him that he ardently wished to see him again, and he laughed in derision as he thought of what he would do. A scornful look passed over the hard emaciated features as thoughts of his brother passed through his mind—and yet that was the same brother he had once so greatly loved.

Five years had elapsed since Charles Erington had left home. Nothing had ever been heard of him since the day of his leaving. He had ceased to be the subject of gossip among the people, and rarely did one ever hear his name mentioned now. His family had not forgotten him, but never a remark concerning him passed their lips. They thought, perhaps, he was dead, and it was best not to speak of him, for they had nothing kind to say. He had never been forgiven for subjecting the name of which they were so proud to ridicule and dishonor.

Happy it was for the Eringtons that they thought the lost son dead. Had they only have known the life he had led since he went away from home, could they but have seen the cynical, fierce-looking, emaciated face as it was now, they would no doubt have preferred that he be dead. If the older brother had loathed and hated him for his action at home, what words could express how he would loathe and despise him if he knew the character of the life he had led since that time. And yet he had helped to bring him to this.

Lawrence Erington was now known as the famous detective. There was no escape for a guilty man when he was employed to trace him up. By his experience he had learned the deceptions that a man attempting to escape the law would employ. He was therefore prepared for them and seldom was he led astray—certainly never very far. He seemed to have been a detective born.

One morning while he was at breakfast the negro butler brought to him a telegram. He opened it, saw that it was from the government at Washington, and read thus:

“\$10,000 reward if you will bring to light the men robbing postoffices and banks in Arizona. Wire answer at once. If you accept, leave immediately.”

This was indeed unexpected, and he must have a moment's time for reflection. He could hardly comprehend it. A reward of \$10,000 and all the fame that it would bring him if he succeeded—and certainly he would succeed. He felt dizzy, it was all so very sudden.

“William,” he said, addressing the butler, “call up the telegraph office and give them this message to be sent to the government at Washington:

“I accept position. Will leave at once.

Lawrence Erington.”

“What is the meaning of this?” exclaimed his mother when he had ceased delivering the message to the butler.

“Quite a pleasant surprise, mother. A telegram from the government offering me \$10,000 reward if I will bring to light the men who are giving them so much trouble robbing the postoffices and banks in Arizona.”

“And you are going to accept? Oh, my! but it is so far away from home! I do not like to think of you going.”

“But think of \$10,000, mother, and then I will soon be back. If I catch the westbound train at the next station I will have to leave in an hour, so I had better make my preparations.”

In a few hours Erington was on his way to Arizona. He would not allow himself to think of failing to catch the men. He must be successful, he would be successful!

His first stop was at a town of some considerable size. But he did not stay here very long before he found out that only two nights before, the safe of the postoffice had been opened and the robbers would not likely return.

He went on to Yuma and found that neither the bank nor the postoffice here had been attempted. The president of the bank told him, in the course of the conversation, that an electrician had visited him the day before to see if he would not like to have a burglar alarm put on the vault.

Ah, Erington thought to himself, I wonder if that man is not the robber of banks instead of an electrician. He requested the president if he would not let him know when the electrician came to the vault to examine it prior to putting on the bell. The president promised that he would and Erington left the bank for the day.

The next morning he received notice to go to the bank. When he arrived the president showed him to the room where the vault was, and he returned to his own work. When Erington entered the room the electrician with his back turned to him was kneeling in front of the vault closely examining it. He did not look up at first, but as Erington approached him he looked up and in a minute was on his feet. Charles and Lawrence Erington stood looking into each other's eyes. Neither spoke for a minute, but stood as if fixed to the floor.

Lawrence Erington's thought had been confirmed. The electrician was none other than the robber of the bank, and the robber of the bank none other than his own brother. The contempt he felt for him was expressed in his face. Finally he said:

"Do you realize you are in the hands of the law?"

The old feeling of revenge had seized Charles Erington, but he was helpless to act.

"It is only proper that you should convict me since you condemned me," scornfully he replied.

"I don't know what you mean by condemning, but I do know you are a thief, a robber!" his brother vehemently replied.

"You condemned me because you helped bring me to this.

Why are you surprised that I am a thief? You told me you had no faith in me, and nothing I could do would surprise you."

A light was beginning to dawn upon Lawrence Erington. His face relaxed and there was a look of pity as he gazed upon his brother's emaciated features. His tones were tremulous as he said:

"But I did have faith in you and I am surprised. I have faith in you now."

"My God!" the robber gasped, "for some one to be surprised at what I do, and have faith in me! I wish I had known it sooner," he stammered out pitifully.

Lawrence Erington saw it all now. His eyelids were moist as he gathered the younger brother in his strong arms and pressed him to his heart, saying:

"I am the guilty one. I drove you away from home and brought you to this. I couldn't convict you, I resign my position this day."

But Charles Erington said: "You needn't resign. I am going to confess. I am going to make a clean breast of it all. I bear the Erington name."

The Religion of the Negro

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelpbian

The religion of the negro in his barbaric, African days was a very crude, childish belief. Although it accepted the idea of a one, true God, it was an idea of a very far-away, uninterested God. Its peculiarity lay in a doctrine of "physical salvation", that is, it believed there was no place of future reward or punishment, but that sinful and righteous deeds were meted out their just reward or punishment, as the case might be, during this life. Such a belief naturally kept the negro from having any doubts or fears, a fact which has influenced the race even unto the present day. It also gave him a very shallow sense of sin. Such was the pagan religion of the black man in his African home.

It was this pagan religion the negro brought with him when he came as a slave to America. Before a very long time had passed, however, he gave it up to accept in its stead the most valuable thing slavery gave him—the worship of the true God. For his master saw to it that he learned of the Christian faith, heard it taught, and took part in devotional services. It is most probable that the negro did not understand all he heard. On the other hand it is certain he learned very readily the plain facts of christianity, and a belief in a future life.

But he seemed to fix his mind upon the resurrection altogether, and to forget entirely that this must needs be led up to by a moral life. There was little in slavery to increase the negro's personal responsibility. Again, he was permitted by the church to be a professor of religion, a believer in Christ, and, at the same time, to lead an immoral life. Naturally he had not so soon outgrown the slight sense of sin he felt in his African home. Therefore he came to have an attitude toward religion which is well shown in the following little story, told by Booker T. Washington in his article, "The Religious Life of the Negro":

A very immoral slave, who was nevertheless a "professor",

became so bad that his master called in a minister to try to reform him.

"Look yeah, massa," said the culprit, "don't de Scripture say, 'dem who b'lieves an' is baptize' shall be saved'?"

"Certainly," was the reply, and the clergyman went on to explain the passage to him, but the slave interrupted him again:

"Jes' you tell me now, massa, don't de good Book say dese words: 'Dem as b'lieve and is baptize' shall be saved'?"

"Yes, but—"

"Dat's all I want to know, sah. Now, wat's de use of talkin' to me? You ain't ago'n to make me b'lieve wat de blessed Lord say ain't so, not if you tries forever." This attitude of the slave, which was typical of his time, and which has survived in a great measure until today, is one of the difficulties with which the present has to deal.

Because of habits formed during slavery, and because of the influence which his former masters still had upon him, the negro, after he received his freedom, began to establish churches on his own responsibility, for during his period of slavery he had attended divine services at the direction of whites with whom church-going was the rule. The form of worship which he incorporated into his church was the "ole time 'ligion'", which at the present time is commonly associated with all generalizations concerning negro religion.

The main element of this "ole time 'ligion'" was emotionalism. The negro loves the glowing, tumultuous, uncontrolled fervor of revivals, the giving in of "speriences", with their "minute, realistic accounts of the struggles with the devil," the baptisings with shouts and hallelujahs. Because they give more opportunities for these things than other churches, the Baptist and Methodist churches have always had the greatest number of negro members. At their religious meetings the negro gives himself up completely to artificially aroused emotion. Ernest Hamlin Abbot tells of a prayer meeting he attended in Atlanta:

"After the minister had finished his shouting and gesticulating, the assembled negroes fell upon their knees, and

then one of the number, a burly negro with brutal face, chanted, or rather intoned on two high notes, a sort of barbarian litany, accompanying himself by rhythmically clapping his hands and pounding the bench in front of him. His words were hardly distinguishable from the moaning of those about me, which resembled nothing so much as the lowing of a herd of cattle."

Last summer the negroes were holding a meeting at a church near my home. Night after night they came in from miles around throughout the surrounding country, some walking, some on muleback, some in carts and wagons, others in shining new buggies. Such moaning and shouting and sound of falling benches as did come from that church! The noise could be heard at least a half mile away. Our cook, herself a "mourner" and frequenter of the "mourner's bench," came in one morning very indignant. "Cordea Mary got ter shoutin' las' night 'n throwed her arms roun' my neck 'n teared de waist o' my new silk dress all ter pieces!" The emotional life of almost every negro in the community was pretty nearly at the top notch. The "mourners" were especially wrought up.

These mourners were certainly living up to their name. For they seemed to think their former hilarity and joyousness must be absolutely given up, now that they were "gittin' 'ligion". Dancing, especially, they thought almost an unpardonable sin. Indeed, many who had not "jined" said they were holding back because they could not give up their good times. A story is told of an old Georgia fiddler named Sol, who was very slow to feel the power of the spirit. Finally, however, he became "hard hit", joined the church, destroyed the old fiddle which had been such a joy to him, and kept sanctimoniously the letter of the law of his church. About a year later he was convicted of stealing meal from a nearby mill, and sent to the penitentiary. Sol is now free again, but he does not think his stealing nearly so great a crime as dancing or fiddling would have been.

It is just at this point that the "ole time nigger 'ligion" falls down so badly. "The negro's grotesque, illogical mind

totally reverses the scale of culpable actions. To him ungodliness is a crime, while theft is a mere peccadillo." The "unlarnt" preacher stands up and with great emotion and eloquence declaims his sermon. "His originality would more than satisfy the wildest apostle of the unconventional. Neither in rite or point of doctrine is he fettered, scarce even guided, by rule or precedent. He manufactures theology with the nonchalance of a Jesuit, and coins words with the facility of a Carlyle. He may just be able to flounder through a chapter of Scripture, uncouth in gesture, barbarous in diction, yet earnestness lends dignity to his manner, and passion fuses his jargon into eloquence. He may habitually outrage logic and occasionally contravene Scripture, but the salient points of his discourse are found, and his words go straight home to the hearts of his hearers." The trouble is, these words stir up the hearts of the negroes to keep the letter of their church laws, and do not cause them to practice their beliefs in their daily lives, to be morally good. Like the slave of whom we spoke, they seem to think that if they "b'lieve and is baptize," it matters not what kind of lives they live. They have yet to learn that works must accompany faith. The predominant characteristics of the "ole time 'ligion" are its emotionalism and its lack of relation to the daily life.

There is a new element gaining a slow, but seemingly sure foothold now, however. This movement, guided by the "larnt" ministers, and supported by the younger church members, leads away from the merely emotional type of religion.

A place where this spirit entirely predominates is in the Congregational Church of Atlanta. Its pastor is a graduate of Fiske University and Yale Divinity School. It has a Man's League, a Literary Society, and a Young People's Society. The entire congregation is divided into circles of Help, consisting of the members. Each member of each circle has a definite duty. Number one is chairman and receives instructions from the pastor; number two is assistant chairman; number three is secretary; number four is treasurer; number five promotes the devotional; number six the social life; num-

ber seven attends to the sick; eight sees that the members all visit each other; nine relieves poverty; ten is the general promoter of new methods. Monthly reports are made to the minister. As a result of these circles of Help, and the other organizations, this church, with four hundred members, is much more influential than many with two or three thousand.

The younger, educated ministers have higher ideals for their race. The young generation seems to be growing ashamed of the old excessive emotion. Wherever wise religious education is being given it is making a perceptible difference in the moral life of the negro. As the young generation slowly comes into more influence there will evidently be a gradual decrease of the power of the religion which is not directly connected with the daily life of the negro.

Abbott says, in considering this question: "I am reminded of the Irishman's saying that in one respect all women are alike—in that they are all different. My one generalization concerning the religious life of the negroes in the South is that without qualification it is impossible to generalize." However, taking into consideration the new slowly rising element, we may at least hope that the power of the "ole time 'ligion" is on the wane and that we are about to witness the beginning of a new era.

A Fable to the Wise is Sufficient

A Cat and a Terrapin

M. H. Faison, '13, Cornelian

A serious looking little cat, apparently old before her time, walked toward the park. She had not gone very far when she met an old terrapin.

"Good morning, Miss Kitty," said the old fellow. "Why, has something gone wrong? You look so sad!"

"Yes, I feel sad," said the little cat, "everything has been going wrong." Seeing that the terrapin was interested, she told him all her troubles. When she had finished he looked at her and said, "Everybody feels just that way sometimes."

"Did you ever?" asked Miss Kitty.

"Yes, many times before I learned that I had a safe shell in which I could withdraw."

"But the shell only makes you safe from physical harm," answered the troubled friend.

"The shell you see does that," said the terrapin. "I have another shell which answers a different purpose; in it I withdraw to find the safety I need."

The serious looking little cat became very thoughtful. She looked at the experienced old fellow. She continued her walk.

The Frog and Bee

Florence Hildebrand, '13, Adelprian

A tree frog, perched high in the top of a tree, was croaking with all its might when a buzzing bee lighted on a blossom to gather the honey. "Good morning, friend bee," said the frog, straightening his tie and puffing up to his greatest

capacity. "Isn't this a glorious day for work? I was just sitting here thinking what a good opportunity it affords for us fellows who are preparing for the concert tonight. If we all use well these precious morning hours, there will be no need for any to be overworked and tired out when the appointed hour arrives. But then the trouble is we have a few who always shirk, always throw their part of the work on their fellows. Then, when it is all over, dressed in their frock coats, with a broad smile on their faces, they walk up to the one who, all jaded and tired, stands off in the corner and mops his face with a dust rag, and slapping him on the back, say, 'Well, well, old friend, we have worked hard, but did you ever see such a grand success? I feel doubly repaid for all my labor'."

"Yes, yes," said the bee as he filled his sack full of the honey. "I have seen numbers and numbers of creatures that filled your description tip top, and I have one in mind now who is not so far away that I can't see him."

The frog, quite exhausted by his eloquence, soon, bit by bit, let his head slide forward until his eyes were barely visible above his collar. The bee flew from flower to flower until his sack was quite full and, as he darted into a last flower, noticed his highness, the frog, sleeping in the sunlight. "Now is my chance," he said smiling. "I will have a little fun." After circling around and around the frog's head with his deafening buzz, he lighted on the bald spot and dug his sting into the fat, so startling his old friend that he fell head foremost to the ground.

Rubbing his head, the groaning frog got to his feet just in time to hear the bee sing out, "Say, my friend, how is work progressing? Seems as if you are getting more than your share. Someone must be shirking."

Beaten Paths

Nettie Fleming, '12, Cornelian

The soberly colored cow stood looking over the edge of the pasture fence, the very picture of monotony. By the chew-

ing of her eternal cud, her head was made to move slowly up and down in a sort of rhythmical monotone, so to speak; and the sameness of her ruminative attitude was never varied by even so much as a swing of her tail.

Just the slightest flicker of interest, however, showed in her big sleepy eyes as she watched the little shepherd dog come bounding down the road, for this happy little dog with her golden brown hair and her black seeing eyes, had a way of arousing the sleepest of animals. Life to her was a lively matter. Just now she was bounding from one side of the road to the other, punctuating her course with merry little yelps and ecstatic waggings of her tail, springing now into the bushes after partridges, now throwing herself down to roll in a bed of daisies, now stopping still to laugh at the awkward jumping of a toad frog. Finally, after many such interesting digressions from the beaten path, she came up to the cow.

A humorous twinkle came into her eyes as she sat down almost under the indifferent nose of the cow. But in a moment the missionary spirit took possession of her and a look of pity replaced the twinkle. Nevertheless, she knew that if she were to benefit this individual, so set in her ways, she must not let her pity show.

"Will you be so kind as to leave off chewing that everlasting cud while I tell you a bit of truth?" She spoke so sharply that the cow did stop chewing without knowing it, and before she could begin again the dog continued:

"There is no excuse for even a cow to be so—so utterly bovine! Do you see that pathway leading down from your barn to the brook; and that one leading from the brook to that cluster of bushes over there; and this one leading to the opening in the fence?" So excited was the little dog that she got up and pointed her paw didactically at the now thoroughly awakened cow, and giving her no time to speak, resumed her speech:

"You have been coming and going in these same pathways, immediately before your nose, that you are failing to see the lovely grass a little farther away. You nibble always in the same little patch, knowing not of the luscious grass just outside of your fixed way." The dog was altogether out of

breath by this time. "What a lot of sense I am talking!" she said satisfactorily to herself.

The cow, who at first felt that her dignity was being insulted by a frivolous pup, now began to feel, almost with fear, that perhaps this pup was right after all; that she, the too diligent cow, was seeking in the wrong way and was after all missing more than she was getting.

"Even if you are right in saying that I have worn my paths bare, that I am getting into a rut, it is too late for me to change now. According to psychology these same pathways that I have made across my pasture are marked indelibly on my cerebral cortex. I could not change them if I would."

"Psh!" came from the disgusted lips of the dog. "That's where you learned ones always fall down. You just use a little bit of will power. I've given you the suggestion to start you. I will erase the dusty pathways from your cerebral cortex," she mimiced. "Just you follow me."

The dog took the fence at a bound and started toward the brook, the cow following half reluctantly, yet in spite of herself, interested. As they went the dog talked without ceasing.

"Come over to this clover. Isn't it delicious? Did you find anything like it in your little closely clipped patches? Smell this bunch of daisies. Do you see that ridiculous caterpillar who thinks he's already a butterfly? See him trying to fly and turning a somersault instead? Laugh! Pretend you have a sense of humor. Now rest here by the brook until I return."

The cow was no longer surprised at anything. A strange change was coming over her. She was enjoying these digressions from the wornout paths.

"Here I am back," panted the dog, "and I've brought a great musician, Mr. Cat, who will play the fiddle for you."

As the cat strode forward, bowing and stroking his long whiskers, the cow got slowly to her feet. The cat began to play that wonderful jig which caused, ages back, that other cow to jump over the moon. As the cow listened all the look of dead monotony left her—she appeared no longer bovine. With tail extended high in the air and head tossed up, she sprang from the ground, four feet at once, and went capering across her beaten paths, keeping perfect time to the fiddling! And the dog sat down and laughed.

Four Spiders

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelpgian

Once upon a time, in the old, staid world Curry, there lived a family of spiders, which consisted of a father and his three sons. These spiders became filled with a spirit of unrest, which caused them to decide to move to that new, active country Library, of which lately they had heard so much. The father, not wishing to spin his web before he had found the best place for it, planned an exploration of the country of his adoption. He and each of his three sons were going to visit some state, and bring back a report concerning it. Happily each one started on his journey. At length each one returned worn and tired looking.

"My oldest son," said the father, "you may first tell us your story."

"I took a journey to a large state, which they call Reading Room. It was a very thickly populated state. There were so many people that I was in constant fear of being killed."

"Tell us something of the people," the father interrupted. "Were they quiet and peaceable like the inhabitants of the old world?"

"By no means," said the son. "They seemed a people who had been born greedy, for each one seemed to be thinking of himself only. So there was strife everywhere."

"Were there any battles while you were there?" asked one of the brothers.

"Oh yes, in the county New Magazine, there was a very hot struggle. Many were the contestants and long was the battle."

"But were they all so warlike?" asked the other brother.

"No, I was about to forget to say that they had one very quiet county, Newspaper Rack. It was seldom stirred up with mutinies."

"Well," said the father, "I don't think that I would like to live in that state. We will now hear from my second son."

"Father," said he, "I fear that my report will please you no more than did my brother's. I went to a state which I

believe is called History Room. There I found a people somewhat similar to those just described by my brother. I do not think that they were born greedy, but I think that most of them had achieved greediness. So they too had many wars. One county, N. C. History, seemed always to be in an uproar. So, on the whole, father, you would not like the state."

"Well, my youngest son, let us hear from you."

"Father, it grieves me much to confess that my report is even more discouraging than my brothers'."

"Where did you go?" asked the father and brothers in unison.

"Oh, I visited the sovereign state Parallel Readings for Junior Composition."

"Do tell us about it. The name sounds interesting."

"It was an extremely small state, much smaller than its name would imply. It had so many inhabitants that they could scarcely move without treading on each other. They were such a distressed, worried looking mass of people. They seemed to feel that their possessions were going to be taken from them. I do not think that they were born greedy, nor had they achieved greediness, but they seemed to have had greediness thrust upon them."

When the last son had finished, the father said: "I will now give my report. I took a long, tedious journey to a far distant state, Bound Magazine. It was a quiet, peaceful state. There were no mighty invading forces, nor were there insurrections among the inhabitants. The people exhibited no avaricious instincts."

"Then let us spin our webs there," said the three sons together, "for we are very young, and the sights and noises of the battles we have seen have made deep impressions in our minds. Perhaps by going to a state of contrasting environment, these scenes may be forgot before the impressions have become too firmly ingrained."

Grandpa's

Mary Van Poole, '12, Cornelian

I tell you, boys, the mostes' fun
In all the worl' is when
You go way out to gran'pa's, where
There's cows, an' dogs, an' men,
An' cutes' little guinea pigs,
An' orchards ever'where.—
The mostes' fun you ever had,
You have when you go there.

Wy, wunst when I was way out there,
The hired man an' me,
We took the greates' bigges' horse
What you boys ever see
An' rode him way down to a branch
To water him, they say.—
But boys, you bet it's lots of fun
To ride him that a way.

The bestes' time of all, you bet
Was jist this way, you see,
My gran'ma say, "Now come here, Bill,"
An' then she say to me,
"Now take this basket, dear, and knife,
An' jus' you let me see,
How good the little boys can climb
Up in an apple tree."

Well, boys, I knowed my gran'ma meant
For me to eat my fill,
An' bet your boots I more than eat
Jus' all was good for Bill.
An' then I picked a basket full
An' took them up to her,—
But boys, you jus' can't make a guess
How good them dumplin's were.

They's bad things too to gran'pa's house,
 They bite you bad, O me,
 You orter seen how bad I felt
 When wunst I slapped a bee,
 A sittin' on his little porch,
 In front of that bee hive,
 An' then the bees they all come out,
 An' eat me up alive!

I guess I let them bees alone
 An' went some other place,
 Down to the spring an' watch for red,
 Who comes to wash his face
 An' sing a song to me, I guess
 From out the highes' tree,
 An' flap his wings an' hop about
 And wink his eye at me.

Yes, boys, you better wish that you
 Could go see all these things
 An' have the goodes' time I know
 A ridin' in the swings
 An' shootin' squirtguns all you please,
 Jus' all the livelong day—
 An' makes you cry, an' cry, an' cry,
 To have to come away.



Contributors' Club

Valentine

M. K. B., '12, Adelpgian

'Tis St. Valentine's day and I must send
A tiny remembrance to every friend.
What shall I send to this and that maidie,
To Jane, to Marietta, and my lady?

For Jane—ah, I have it. I will get
A picture of a threatening suffragette.
“Votes for women”, forsooth is her plea.
She needn't get angry, it fits to a T.

For Marietta with her bobbing curls,
I'll send a collection of dancing girls,—
Her delight to dance until the wee sma' hours
With her arms filled with beau-sent flowers.

And now for the last—what shall it be?
I stop and look for the answer—I see
A bunch of violets of purest white,—
They'll take my message to her aright.

The Bluebird Raises His Voice

V. I., '13, Cornelian

The first bluebird arrived on the campus with his mate late one Saturday afternoon in early February. As he came in from the south-east, he first reached the Science Building, and here finding a cozy little corner under the eaves, he decided to begin his nest early the following morning. Absolutely unconscious of the fact that it was Sunday, bright and early he began gathering strings, grass and twigs for his nest. He made much progress during the day, and was ready to begin his weaving on Monday. However, after he had spent about two hours of hard work on Monday morning, he was disturbed by the sound of a piano somewhere near. Presently this was accompanied by a voice, singing scales and exercises in some foreign jibbering tongue. For two days the bluebird and his mate bore, with little complaint, the continual

playing and singing, but finally they could stand this no longer, and the bird announced that he was going to hunt a new lodging.

Off he flew, and after some time spent in searching he returned to convey his mate to the new resting place. When they were beginning to be fairly well settled, what should they hear but someone playing a very loud and quick march on the piano. They heard, too, the sound of many feet keeping time with this music, shuffling down the stairsteps. Regularly every morning they were disturbed by the same humdrum march and the same monotonous, shuffling noise of marching children. When completely overcome by this monotony, again the bluebird went out to seek a new home.

This time he took his mate to a very comfortable little corner in a drain-pipe on the northeast corner of the Main Building. Just when they began to feel safe from all disturbing pianos they were aroused by a piano above and one below them. When someone above began to play "Swanee River" with more discords than consonances, and a whole class below began to sing some other song, the poor little birds, now almost desperate, started out once more.

After flying around most of the day, about twilight they finally settled themselves in a dark corner under a flight of steps to spend the night. They thought themselves happily and securely established for the night, at least, when they heard a great hum of voices and the faint sound of a waltz. Suddenly blinded by a bright light, they saw a girl open a nearby door and heard her say, "I can't dance in this hot room." With the opening of the door the music grew much louder and the hum of voices became a vociferous clamor. After a very unpleasant half hour everything became quiet and the birds again settled themselves to rest. But alas! only a very short rest was accorded them. Again they were disturbed by voices, the raising of windows, and the sound of the ever-present and much-employed piano. A few sharp commands were given in a quick, firm voice; then for a full hour the piano was played with every possible form of dance—waltz, two-step, polka, schottische and many others unknown to the martyr birds. After this round of music, however, they were left to enjoy their night's rest. All through the next day, though, they were disturbed at regular intervals by the same tiresome dance music.

About the middle of the day they grew desperate and left here together. They flew straight south for a short distance and found a lovely spot in a willow tree. Now that they had taken a tree for their home they felt secure from the "noise of the abominable piano", as they expressed it to a neighboring sparrow. Imagine their horror and disgust, when they returned from a ravaging tour, to hear a whole "army of pianos" going at once; and on each a different tune, in a different key and in different time. They didn't tarry here very long to decide what steps to take next, but very quickly made up their minds to fly from civilization and seek a retreat among the trees in the densest part of the park. Away they flew to the park, with the determination to avoid henceforth all signs of buildings, since their firmly fixed opinion was that the ways of man are very trying and extremely tiresome.



Book Reviews

"Queed"

Myrtle Green, '12, Cornelian

A person who spends time and effort reading, wishes a greater reward than mere pleasure. Queed, the first novel of a Richmond newspaper man, Henry Sydnor Harrison, fully satisfies the reader in this respect.

The book shows how Mr. Queed, "a queer little man with a queer little name," has his conception of a person's usefulness changed. An egoist and recluse at the beginning, he gradually becomes a useful citizen of society. Reared in New York under the most adverse circumstances, he picks up his own education, and forms his own ideas concerning life. He knows absolutely nothing of a living relative. One day he receives a mysterious letter, signed by the words "your father," telling him that it would be to his advantage to move to a southern town. He acts on the suggestion and is soon installed in a respectable boarding house. Extremely selfish and positively boorish in manner, he declines to mingle with other people, but spends his time writing a book on Altruism, which he thinks will help the world. Soon his reformation begins. The two important agents are Fifi, a consumptive girl who indirectly teaches him how to practice altruism, and "Shocke", an interested young woman who frankly tells him wherein he has failed to help mankind. Through the influence of "Sharlee," who later becomes his wife, influential men become interested in him, and impose responsible honors upon him. Gradually he becomes interested in the people around him, and tries to help them. In the meantime he has neglected his book. By degrees his usefulness and character develop. Perhaps he stands out most nobly when he learns that

he is the son of a dirty, much-despised politician. Immediately he assumes his father's name and endeavors to right some of his wrongs. At the end of the book he is a new man in name, appearance and character.

The diction of *Queed* has been compared to that of Mr. Dickens' books. It is dignified, but not to the point of stiffness, it is bright and entertaining, but not flippant. The author's originality is shown in almost every sentence.

Queed's success lies in its excellent character portrayal. The characters are interesting, strong, wholesome and real. The interesting, well-sustained plot in which they are involved prevents them from becoming tiresome.

The critics have, with only a very few exceptions, given the book a good name, and agree that either the plot or the character delineation would repay a reader. Both together make it one of the best of recent books.

"The Lure of The Indian Country"

Effie Hughes, '15, Cornelian

Donald MacDonald, a young New Englander, Harvard graduate and civil engineer, broke down in health, after three years of work in the hot, humid climate of Florida, and was sent to northern Mexico to recuperate. Though naturally robust, severe work in the semi-tropical country seriously impaired the health of the young man, and the high, dry climate of Mexico did but little good. Physicians gave but little encouragement and he began to despair of recovery. One afternoon, when he was gloomy and despondent, he met an old Kickapoo chief, Satoška, with whom he formed a friendship. The old chief recommended to him great "medicine springs" that were in the foothills of the Arbuckle Mountains in Oklahoma Territory; springs which, he said, for centuries past had healed the sick. He told the young man that he would find "paleface people in the nation of the Chickasaw, many of them engaged in building a city around the beautiful park in

which are the medicine waters.” Said the old chief, “When tired sinews forced the chase to a halt, the warriors used to gather the dried venison and ripened corn, and with their old and young, trailed the footsteps of their ancestors to the peaceful valley of rippling waters, where the shade of many trees cooled the heat of the summer day and the surrounding hills admitted not the biting winds of winter, there to rest and fish and talk of conquests. Then it was that old men grew glad of heart again and fretful papooses ceased their whining.” Thus Donald was directed to the springs in Platt National Park at Sulphur. There he found a beautiful and growing city near the springs, and people constantly drinking the famous waters.

One day while filling his water bottles he saw a beautiful young Indian girl at one of the springs and he had an intense desire to meet her. She seemed the loveliest person he had ever seen. To his delight, on Independence Day, a few days later, while attending a speaking of a Chickasaw chief, he had that desire gratified. The maiden was Authula Littleheart, niece of the orator of the day, whom he found to be highly educated, and as thoroughly charming as beautiful. He learned that she was the niece of his old Kickapoo friend in Mexico. The orator and uncle of Authula, Chief Littleheart, a man of great intelligence, was impressed by the manly bearing and conversation of MacDonald, as was Authula, and cordially invited the young man to visit him, which Donald hastened to do, for he desired to see Authula again. To his further astonishment he found the old chief living in a handsome, modernly equipped building instead of a wigwam. Friendship sprang up between the New Englander and the chief, his wife and niece, but none was so interested in the handsome stranger as Authula. Before either knew it they had fallen in love. Authula was the equal in every respect to the girls of his own race, but MacDonald had an insuperable aversion to marrying out of his race, and he attempted to stifle his love. He felt that he ought to leave the lonely Indian country, but his health, even his life, depended upon the healing waters that had already worked such wonders with his rundown system.

Authula realized his feelings and wondered whether or not his race pride would separate them. She knew that she loved him, and she knew that a prolonged residence among the Chickasaws would aid in overcoming the one obstacle in the way of their happiness. So she resorted to strategy. She interested him in making investments in Sulphur, in her business affairs, for she had considerable property, so that he would become too much interested to leave, and in this she succeeded. Chief Littleheart, too, unwittingly assisted. He invited MacDonald to important councils—councils composed of both whites and Indians—to discuss such questions as statehood for Oklahoma, and he was impressed by the wisdom of the chiefs. They in turn were pleased at his views and sentiments concerning the conditions then prevailing in the Indian country. MacDonald saw that the Chickasaws had become well educated, and were well fitted and qualified for the association and comradeship of the most cultured classes of the palefaces. So gradually the idea of inter-marriage with the Indians grew to be no longer repugnant to him. He saw happy instances of such marriages, also. Then business necessitated absence from Authula for a week. He was now almost completely well and could have left, but he realized that he no longer had scruples about inter-racial marriages. He longed for Authula, and hastened back as quickly as business allowed. As Authula drove him to Chief Littleheart's, MacDonald told her of his love, proposed and was accepted. The old chief and his wife were delighted.

In the presence of many admiring friends, paleface and Indian, the handsome New Englander and the pretty Indian maid were married. They have been very prosperous and are happy. Since their marriage statehood has come to Oklahoma, bringing added prosperity.

Such is the story of "The Lure of the Indian Country and a Romance of its Great Resort", written by an Indian girl, Olelia Littleheart. It tells of how Platt National Park was ceded to the United States through the big-heartedness of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, of the struggle, and final gaining of statehood, and of the schools of the Territory. And

all the facts are woven into this romance so sweet, so fresh and appealing that the book is unusually delightful. The writer, though very young, has a broad vocabulary and expresses her thoughts in splendid English. It is all the more interesting to know that she herself was educated in the same schools that she tells of in the romance. The book is full of deep thoughts, and is no ordinary "soft" love story. There is a little stiffness here and there in the story that betrays the young author, but this is more than made up for in the many beautiful thoughts and charming ideals. There is an atmosphere of activity throughout, mental and physical. Examples of the Indian dialect are given and some exquisitely beautiful legends. A rather unusual feature of the attractive little novel is the many real illustrations, picturing the schools, academies, Indian girls and boys of today, the medicine springs, and the beautiful city of Sulphur. This book portrays vividly the life of the Indians in their most cultured state, in their private and public life.





State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee chosen from the Faculty.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.

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VOL. XVI

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 5

Points of View

We students are fussing continually about the many things our college needs, things which would be indeed great improvements but which only money can buy. Then if we must fuss about things needed, why not let us suggest something for which that article (which at present is most conspicuous for its absence) is not necessary? We need a glee club, and there is no reason why we should not have one. When you come to think of it, how many colleges as large as ours have no glee club? They are few and far between. (I say as large as ours, there are many smaller colleges which

have well organized and well trained glee clubs.) Some argue that there are so few girls here who can sing that it would be almost useless to attempt anything so rash as to organize such a club. I disagree with those who give this argument. There are some good voices in this student body, voices which, with a little training, would help wonderfully in our college singing. Of course we have no Melbas or Schumann-Heinks among us, nor do we need such, for then everything would be left for these "stars" to do and we lesser lights would fade away into nothingness. And since this glee club, in addition to giving pleasure, will bring about development for those taking part in it, we should talk it up and make such a thing possible. Can we not devise some scheme for getting together once a week those who can and will sing? Let us try, and if our music instructors see that we students want and are determined to have a glee club, they will come to our assistance and we can have one that will reflect credit on our college. *S. L. R.*

There seems to be among the students of our college, and especially among the upper classmen, a certain rudeness, or brusqueness of manner.

A POINT It would be much less deplorable if this
OF VIEW state of affairs existed only among the
under classmen and we could see it gradually wear off after association with our college and its students, for that would be a proof of the real culture for which our college stands. No student, not even she who is considered most rude, will acknowledge that she is impolite to her friends or schoolmates, or lacking in deference to her superiors. She does not mean to be abrupt. She does not believe that she is. She thinks people have a wrong impression of her. "Actions speak louder than words" is a well known old proverb that we must always bear in mind and if we fail to convince others that we are not rude by simply saying that we are not, or do not intend to be, we must prove by our actions that we neither are, nor wish to be rude or uncivil to others. This is an entirely unconscious

habit which, as we must infer, is acquired at the college and is revealed in the many little things that we inadvertently do every day. We are not willing to have such as this exist in, or even said about us and our college. With a little more serious care and thought for others, and remembering that we cannot be too polite or gracious to anyone, we can quickly tear ourselves from this unconscious habit of impoliteness and the atmosphere of our whole college may be considerably improved.

A. H., '12, Adelpgian.





Society Notes

With the Cornelians

Mary K. Brown, '12, Cornelian

On Friday night, January 19th, after the regular business meeting, the members of the Cornelian Literary Society were most pleasantly entertained by one of William Dean Howell's short comedies entitled, "The Register". The plot of this amusing little story may be briefly summed up as follows: Ethel Reed, a certain romantic young girl, who is very attractive, but at the same time very inexperienced in the world, goes to spend vacation in a lonely country farm-house with a stern, matter of fact, and much older friend. At this farm-house there is another boarder, a young artist, Mr. Oliver Ransom. He forms a warm friendship with Ethel, which continues to grow stronger until he tells the ambitious young girl that she has no talent for painting and cannot learn to draw. This angers and disappoints Ethel very much. While she is plotting as to how she will get even with him, she and her friend return to the city and begin arranging their apartments. In the meantime Mr. Ransom comes to a friend of his, Mr. Grinnidge, who has rooms adjoining Ethel's, to get some advice about straightening out the affair with Ethel. He mentions her attractive qualities, states that he likes her exceedingly, and is very sorry that he angered her. Ethel hears all the conversation through the register and is in a much happier state of mind when young Oliver appears shortly after to make his apology, with which the play ends.

The following girls took part in the play:

Ethel Reed	Nannette Ramsaur
Henrietta Spaulding	Ruth Johnson
Oliver Ransom	Rose Kennedy
Mr. Grinnidge	Margaret Martin



Among Ourselves

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

On January 22nd, Dr. W. Perry Reaves, of Greensboro, gave to the students a lecture on "Diseases of School Children". He described particularly diseases of the throat and eyes, with especial reference to their detection in children. The whole lecture was illustrated with well chosen views, taken from typical cases.

We have been fortunate in having two musical treats at the college recently. The Metropolitan Concert Company presented a well-selected program on Friday night, February 2. The company consisted of Victor Pranski, tenor; Margaret Richey, soprano; Josephine Gerwing, violinist; John Rabarer, pianist. The audience was so appreciative that every number was encored, though Miss Richey's rendition of Hamilton's "Angels Guard Thee", was particularly enjoyed. The program was made up of selections from such masters as Neidlinger, MacDowell, Leoncavallo, Bohm, and Chopin.

On the night of February 5th, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry gave one of his lecture-recitals in our chapel. By means of interesting and thoroughly charming little introductory talks Mr. Perry gave us an unusually fine interpretation of classical music from the artist's standpoint. His rendition of selections from Beethoven, Wagner, and Lizst were equally effective. Mr. Perry played one composition of his own, "The Lorelei," which gave worthily the legend of the German siren. The evening was one not soon to be forgotten by those who attended the recital.



Exchanges

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelphian

The fact that the Acorn has no exchanges this month brings back the old, old question, Are exchanges really worth while? Do they help, or are they merely space fillers? We are quite aware that this ground has been threshed over before, but that need not deter us from threshing a little more. After looking over the exchange departments of the various magazines for this month, we have concluded that at least there is genuine effort made to help. The criticisms, adverse and otherwise, seem to be based on honest opinion. Perhaps the criticisms call attention to conditions with which we are already familiar. Then we are reminded that other people are cognizant of these conditions and it is for us to see that they are bettered. Perhaps the comments are rather stereotyped. Pretty much the same old cry against the same type of story expressed in pretty much the same old way. Then it behooves the people who write the stories to give us something so new that we can't make stale comments about it. Students are always saying, "Give us something to write about." Here's your chance! What do you think about the exchange departments? We would like to see some points of view *pro* and *con* in both our own and other magazines.

The Mercerian has begun the new year with an excellent number. Mercer men always give us good book reviews, but this month they fairly outdo themselves and give us good stories, good verse, good jokes, a good essay, and even good ads. (We mean it about the ads, for the quantity in the Mercerian is sufficient to make the eyes of business managers turn green with envy.)

We have been hoping to see the Western Maryland College Monthly fatten up, but it seems that we are doomed to disappointment. In the back of this month's number we find the announcement that there was no December issue because of lack of funds. From evidence presented in the January issue, we should infer that there was also lack of contributions. This month's offering consists of eighteen pages of reading matter, which, by the way, does not include a single story, nay, not even so much as a narrative sketch or a character study. We searched faithfully, but we failed to discover an editorial. People who have the taste to get out a publication with such a good looking cover certainly ought to see to it that there is filling between the crusts.

Such a plucky little magazine as the "Wahisco" surely deserves encouragement. "Studying French" is a realistic bit of work and is, alas, only too true to life. "Goodnight" is excellent; "The Plot", by the same writer, very nearly so.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges with thanks, and are glad to welcome the Pine and Thistle again.



In Lighter Vein

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

Heard from one of the junior composition students this past week:
"Say, wait there! Oh, C——, have you seen any of Saucer's Cranberry Pilgrims on your hall? I must have *one* of them tonight."

As it happened down street recently: A certain dignified, prim looking man had the misfortune to have his hat blown off and with it fluttered along his expensive, well kept wig. To a small boy who finally succeeded in catching it, the man replied: "I certainly thank you, my son. You're the best hair restorer I have discovered so far."

One of the students has been faced by a very perplexing question, which has been expressed thus:

To teach, or not to teach—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler to wear dogwood switches out
On the backs of young America
And to take arms against a sea of troubles, or
By marrying end them.

F. C. H., Adelphian.

A foreigner to the German language gazed dreamily at the Freshman motto on the wall, "*Ich kann*". "How appropriate," she remarked, "kick on!"

"Math."

And thou, dark math, thou awful pestilence,
Thou has seized and took away my sense;
Thy axioms and thy propositions
Make me stand in many positions;
Thy angles and triangles
Cause me pains and strangles,
And every parallelogram
Sends me home to cram;
While circles and proportion
Enclose and equal my devotion.
So considering thy substance all
Thou doth give me many a dreadful fall.

M. K., '15, Cornelian.

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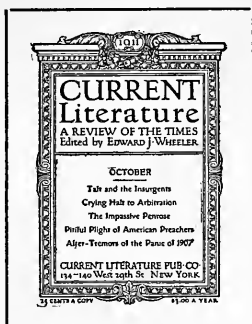
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